

# The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

91923

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

In a small London apartment NAN MARRABY and JOAN ENDICOTT had been longing for the day when the Great War would be ended and PETER LYSTER, Nan's sweetheart, and TIM ENDICOTT, Joan's husband, would come back to them.

Six weeks previous to the time of this story, however, Peter was brought seriously injured.

Then LEIT, JOHN ARNOTT reported the tidings that Peter had lost his memory—that he did not remember his engagement to Nan. Peter fails to recognize Nan when she faces him while on leave in London.

Arnott tells Nan about his unsuccessful attempts to make Peter remember his engagement. He tells of finding her letters and a photograph of her.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"I KNOW," Nan tried to laugh, but it was more like a sob. "A dreadful photograph I had taken last year on the sands at Margate—that was before I knew him—and the sun was in my eyes and my hair blowing all over the place, but it was the only one I had, and so..."

She stopped, with a desolating memory of the day she had given it to Lyster, and of how he had kissed it and put it away in his tunic when they said good-bye.

"Yes," said Arnott. "Yes, that was the one. It was there, with you in it, but the doctor wouldn't allow it. He said it was no good forcing things—that I had far better let him alone. He always got so excited when we tried to make him remember anything."

"Surely when you spoke my name to him—"

"I don't think I did speak it. I think all I said was 'Hadn't I better write and tell the girl in England?'" He broke off. A little dry sob had escaped Nan.

"Go on, please, please."

"He asked me what I meant. He said that I knew there was nobody in England he cared for. I remember he had told me months before that he hadn't a relation in the world."

"Yes, I knew that," Nan answered. "He came from Vancouver when the war broke out and joined his old regiment."

Arnott's admiration of this girl was growing. She had grit, real grit.

"What are you going to do?" he asked presently. "I hate to feel that—that I've had to bring this trouble to you. I'd give my right hand if I could undo it..."

"Perhaps I'd give a great deal more than that," she told him. "But it wouldn't be any good. And—and all my letters?" Nan asked.

"I have them. I'll send them back to you if you wish."

"Yes. Then, if you will, please let me have them."

"I'll bring them round tomorrow." They had reached the flat now, and Arnott stopped.

"There's one thing I wanted to ask you," he said hesitatingly. "Of course, you may not know anything about it, but... but Lyster keeps on asking about a signet ring of his; apparently it was a great favorite."

Something seemed to catch Nan by the throat; for a moment she could not answer.

"The ring that even then lay against her heart! The ring he had given her because it had been his most treasured possession—and he did not even remember having given it."

"I thought perhaps you might know something about it," Arnott said unasily; he seemed to take her silence for negation. After a moment he held out his hand.

"I will say good night, then—I may call tomorrow and bring your letters—"

"Thank you."

He held her hand hard for a moment. "I think you're a wonderful woman," he said simply.

"I?" Nan laughed hoarsely. "Oh, I'm not, really. If you could only see into my heart you'd know how I'm crying and railing against fate—"

"Good night," she said, and, turning, fled into the house.

Arnott walked soberly away

in an armchair, reading a paper. He looked up and stifled a yawn.

"Where on earth have you been?" he asked irritably. "I've looked for you everywhere—you're a nice sort of pal to go off and leave me to myself like this."

"I ran across a girl I know in the lounge after dinner. Ripping fine girl, too—you'd like her, Peter..."

"Really!" Peter yawned again.

"Anybody I know?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure—I may have mentioned her to you. Nan Marraby her name is."

He was looking hard at Peter as he answered his question, but Peter seemed to have lost interest in the conversation, and had taken up the newspaper once more.

It seemed ages to Joan Endicott before she heard Nan's knock at the door. She was a sympathetic little soul, and her heart ached for Nan, even while she was conscious also of a nameless dread in her heart with regard to her own future.

"She flew to the door when she heard the knock—she seized Nan with both hands and dragged her in."

"Nan!" said Joan tremblingly.

Nan looked up—there was no sign of emotion in her face, only a weary sort of pallor.

"Well," she said in a hard voice. "I saw him—and he saw me—and—and that's—all," she added slowly, as if her mind was filled with a great wonder that it should be all, that there was nothing more to add, no continuation of the story that had begun so wonderfully.

"All?" Joan repeated. "But... but didn't you speak? Didn't he speak?" Oh, Nan, surely he must have known you!"

Nan shook her head.

"No, he didn't—I walked into the room. Mr. Arnott tried to keep me out—he did his best, but I wouldn't take his advice... I almost wish—now—that I had."

"It's no use crying over spilt milk," she said shily. "But it was like—it was like—dying to stand there, and look at him, and know that I was no more to him than anybody else in the world—not so much even as the little doll—he was talking to! Oh, yes—"

she added recklessly. "He wasn't alone. There was a girl with him when I walked into the room. I suppose that was partly why Mr. Arnott tried to keep me out. She was quite a nice little thing—pretty—but I felt as if I could—could have killed her!"

"And you spoke to him—Nan—what did you say?"

"I said I had come for my gloves—that I had left them there—it was a lie, of course—I'd never been in the room before. They both helped me to look for them—they moved chairs and things—just to get rid of me, I suppose—I was in the way—they didn't want me there—spoiling sport!"

Joan watched her with fascinated astonishment.

"It was like a nightmare," Nan said again. She felt as if she must go on talking. "I wonder I didn't fall down dead, but I suppose it's only in books that people do that kind of thing."

Joan laid a hand on her lap.

"Dear Nan, I wish I could help you. You've been so good to me. It seems horrible that I've got to stand by and not be able to help."

(To Be Continued)

"There are no strings to this offer," said Arthur E. Finster, manager of the Torrance store; "it's just the Beacon's annual Easter gift to the children. We like to have them come and see us, especially at Easter time."

Miss Ruby Bryant of Murietta is a guest this week at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. A. Waterman, of Cota avenue.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. M. Mackenzie and their guests, Mrs. Lulu Boasen and Miss Virginia Boardman, a motion picture actress of Hollywood, motored to Runnymede on Sunday.

Mrs. E. A. Thompson of Andro avenue is driving a new Studebaker sedan.

Mrs. M. L. Acree left Thursday to spend a week with her daughter, Mrs. W. R. Downey, of Glendale, at the Downey cabin in Kagel Canyon.

## Beacon Is Giving Bunnies and Eggs To Tots Saturday

The Beacon Drug Company is giving away Easter rabbits and candy eggs to all children under 6 years who visit their Torrance store Saturday.

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Mrs. O. E. Erickson of Pennsylvania avenue was a business visitor in Los Angeles Thursday.

Mrs. Charles Ganster of Redondo boulevard was a guest recently of Mrs. Ann Gallagher of Santa Monica.

Mrs. Hiram E. Hickman of Weston street was a business visitor in Los Angeles Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Merlin Broadbent and daughter Ellen Jane were weekend guests at the home of Mr. Broadbent's brother in Ventura.

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